



EVENING BULLETIN.



"HEW TO THE LINE, LET THE CHIPS FALL WHERE THEY MAY."

VOLUME 1.

MAYSVILLE, TUESDAY EVENING, APRIL 11, 1882.

NUMBER 120

HERMANN LANGE, THE JEWELER,

Will remove to the house now occupied by C. B. Anderson on Second street, two doors west of J. J. Wood's and will keep a full stock of fine

Jewelry, Watches and Silverware,

as he did keep heretofore and invites his customers and the public in general to call on him.

JOSEPH F. BRODRICK, INSURANCE AGENT, MAYSVILLE, KY.

Fire, Life and Marine.

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CARPETS.

The largest and most elegant assortment of all grades of

Carpets, Lace Curtains and UPHOLSTERING GOODS

Is constantly to be found at our extensive warerooms. Special attention paid to non-resident buyers.

Geo. F. Otte & Co.,
138 W. Fourth St., Cincinnati, O.

TROTTER STALLION

WHIPPLE,

HIS RECORD 2:33 $\frac{3}{4}$

Will stand for the season of 1882, to end July 15th, at the Fair Grounds, Maysville, Ky.

TERMS \$40

to insure a mare to get in foal, payable when the fact is ascertained or the mare disposed of.

Description and Pedigree

WHIPPLE is 15 years old, 15 hands 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches high; his color is mahogany bay with left hind foot white. Few horses with as good a record have as good style and form. He was sired by Whipple's Hambletonian, by Guy Miller by Rysdick's Hambletonian. His dam was by Warrior by Tippoo by Ogden's Messenger by Imported Messenger.

Mayflower and two more of Whipple's get now in training at the Fair Grounds. Call and see them work and judge the horse by his colts.

B. H. COLEGROVE.

\$66 a week in your own town. Terms and \$5 outfit free. Address H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine.

CHINA, GLASS and QUEENSWARE

at a small margin above COST. I have just received a large stock of new goods from New York and Europe, which I propose to sell out at a very small margin above cost.

KNIVES AND FORKS, POCKET KNIVES.

Clocks and Silverware a specialty.

G. A. MCCARTHEY, China Depot,
No. 30 Second Street.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK.

CAPITAL STOCK \$210,000.

JAMES M. MITCHELL, THOMAS WELLS
PRESIDENT. CASHIER.
sept12. MAYSVILLE, KY

E. F. CLEVELAND, Architect and Builder, DOVER, KY.

ESTIMATES of work and building plans furnished promptly and on the most reasonable terms. mar13m

F. L. TRAYSER, PIANO MANUFACTURER

Front St., 4 doors west of Hill House

Grand, Upright and Square Pianos, also, the best make of Organs at lowest manufacturers' prices; Tuning and Repairing. n17

THE BALLAD OF THE BRUSH BOY.

It was the stern pro-pri-e-taire the porter stout did call :-
"Now send me quick, ere I shake a stick, you idle brushboy small,"
"Come hither, come hither, thou brush boy small, and quickly tell to me,
What is thy 'lay' and what thy pay, in my car-a-van-sa-ree?"
"God save you, stern proprietor! I'll answer thy behest.
I stand all day in the wash room gay, and I brush each coming guest.
I brush the coat of the man from Maine, and with that he is well content;
Not a word doth he say, but he skippeth away, and he giveth me never a cent;
And the broadcloth suit of the man from the west and eke his old slouch hat,
And every time he gives me a dime; now bless him kind heaven for that!
The dry-goods clerk he cometh in haste—for to meet his girl he is late,
But when I am done he poketh fun, and he saith, 'put it down on the slate.'
The 'convict suit' of State Street man I brush with exceedingly care;
He tips me a half, as he giveth me chaff, for he scenteth a 'rise' in the air.
And the seedy man with the duster long and the gripsack of ponderous weight,—
As he turneth to go he whispereth low, 'Chicago; excursion rate.'
So all the day in the washroom gay I sing the light whisp broom.
Some give me a penny and some not any, and erstwhile there cometh a boom,
For the Harvard man cometh adown the stair a smoking his cigarette,
His eyes they are red his feet like lead, and I ween he is slightly upset.
In his ulster pocket he putteth his hand and whatever he first shall touch
He giveth it me, nor stoppeth to see if it be little or much;
And away he hieeth to Bowdoin Square to catch the midnight car,
'Twere better, methinks, after such high jinks, to slumber behind the bar.
And thus my liege," said the brush boy small, "I take what comes to me.
And I frequently collars as much as \$3 a week in the host-el-ree."
Up spoke that stern proprietor, "Now by my grandam's beard!
Thy tale is strange, aye, strange indeed,—the strangest ever I've heard.
An' thou speakest true thou gettest away with fifteen times the work,
At a tenth the pay of that rooster gay, my fancy and gilt edged clerk.
And art thou married my brushboy small?"
"Nay, sir, my years are but nine,"
"I've a daughter fair, with curly hair—By my Register! she shall be thine.
No more thou'lt stand in the washroom gay; thou shalt have my head clerk's place,
And each coming guest, from East or West, shall bow before thy face.
Full seventy years I've a landlord been, and I thought that I knew it all,
From the fancy clerk to the chambermaid ehirk, and the porter in the hall.
But now I see that my eyes were blind, and grief to my soul I take
That I never knew, till I interviewed you, that the brushboy takes the cake."
—Boston Courier.

Smith Was Out.

Detroit Free Press.

A Griswold street lawyer was sitting in his office the other week when a stranger appeared at the door and said:
"Beg pardon, but can you tell me where Smith's office is?"
"Yes sir—next door."
The stranger uttered his thanks and passed to the next door, which was locked. Returning to the lawyer he said:
"Smith seems to be out?"
"Of course he is. If you had asked that question in the first place I should have answered it by telling you so."
The visitor had a troubled look on his face as he passed out of the building, but that look was gone when he returned the next day and inquired of the lawyer:
"How much will you charge me for a verbal opinion in a little matter?"
"Oh, about \$5."
The case was stated and the opinion given, and the stranger was moving away when the lawyer said:
"My fee, please."
"I haven't a cent to pay you."
"You haven't?"
"Of course not. If you had asked me that question in the first place I should have answered by telling you so. Good morning, sir."

A company propose building a line of embankment for a railroad five feet above high water mark running along the east side of the Mississippi River, from Memphis to Vicksburg, thus forming at once a levee and roadbed.

DAVY CROCKETT.

Frank Mayo and His Love of the Legitimate and the Popular Affection for the Border Melodrama.

Indianapolis Sentinel.

"Come in," was the voice from Frank Mayo's dressing room last night, in response to a Sentinel reporter's rap at the door. Davy Crockett had laid aside his buckskin suit and was just ready for the street.

"How many times have you played this character?"

"My head is getting gray," Mr. Mayo answered, putting his hand to his temple, "and every hair is a Crockett. This is the three thousandth night. I have played it so long that the public has identified me with it, and the demand is so strong that I am not allowed to produced anything else. I am regarded as the real Davy Crockett. In nearly every town I am invited to hunting parties, when the truth is, I never shot a gun in my life. And buffalo-killing expeditions have been organized for my special benefit. Now, they are surprised to learn that I have neither experience nor taste for that kind of sport. I am passionately fond of appearing in the legitimate drama. I was the principal support of Mrs. Julia Dean Hayne in all the classical characters in which she appeared, and I like variety, consequently the continual playing of one character, and that character Davy Crockett, is becoming monotonous."

"You had a full house to-night," observed the reporter.

"Oh, yes the house is always full. Davy Crockett is very popular, but it exasperates me to be compelled to play it all the time. I often wish I had never seen nor heard tell of the play, or at least that I had quit it long before the public had thoroughly associated me with the character. I guess it is really believed that I am a veritable Davy Crockett. When I appeared as Richelieu in this city, a character I played with wonderful success before adopting this, one of the papers attributed Crockett language to me. Of course it was a lie, but the author no doubt lied unconsciously."

Mr. Mayo evidently regrets that his reputation as an actor rests on this piece; and it is more than likely that a magnificent Shakspearean artist, in the estimation of the public, was spoiled when he became Davy Crockett.

Shoemakers declare that most women despise square-toed shoes.

Many married women in various parts of Pennsylvania are applying to the courts for the power to control their own earnings.

A lady who has been spending some little time in Havana, being asked what she thought of the place, said—the people seem to spend most of their time smoking cigarettes and riding around in volantes buying lottery tickets.

A daughter of President Johnson is living near Albany, Shackleford county, Texas. She will be best remembered as Miss Mary Johnson, but is now Mrs. D. Stover. With her son and two daughters she manages a farm and ranche in a prospering manner.

If a woman will paint, why will they do it in a manner that would disgrace a house and sign painter? Women who paint are subject to a certain form of color blindness. The eye becomes demoralized—they think they are giving, themselves a tinge of color when they are reddening themselves to the hue of peonies. The woman who paints resigns the privilege of blushing.—Washington Post.

Fred. Niles, of Pittsburg, was robbed on a railroad of a satchel, Wednesday night, containing \$100,000 in mining stock, by a blind man called Davis, who got off the train at La Salle, Ill. Davis was arrested at a hotel, and the stock all recovered except \$16,000 worth, which had been burned.